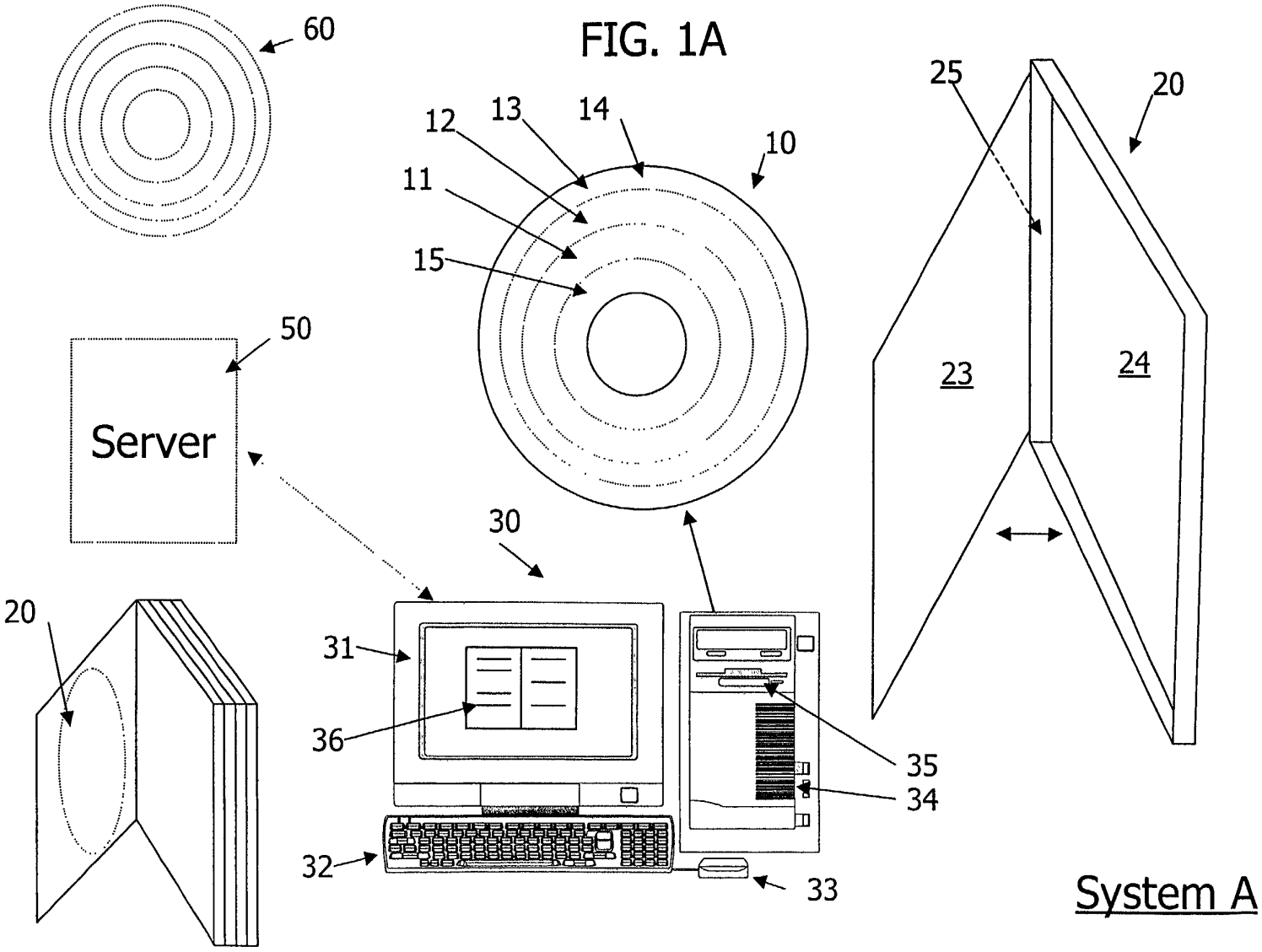
FIG. 1A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Server
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34
32
33
System A

FIG. 1B

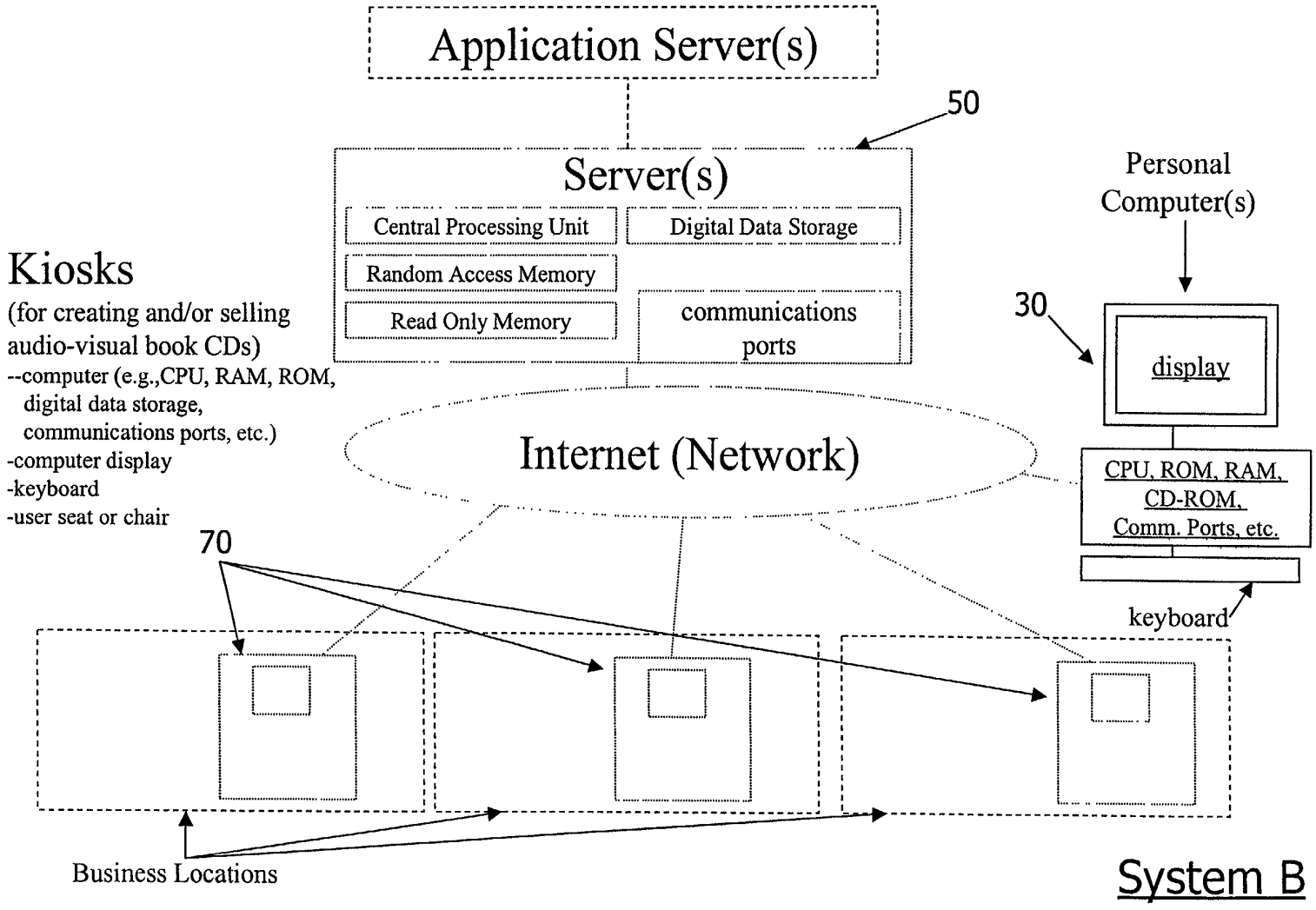
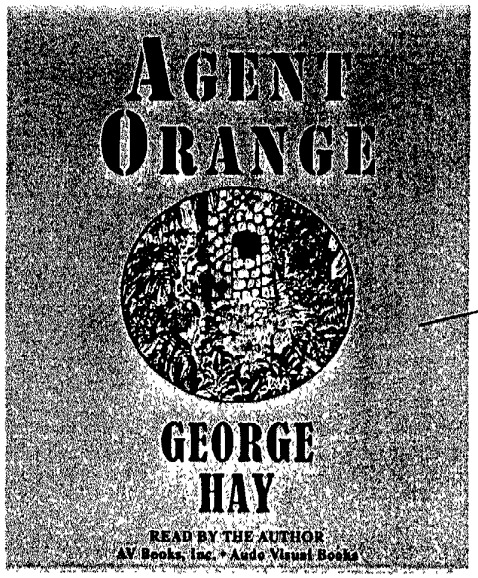

Application Server(s)
50
Server(s)
Central Processing Unit
Digital Data Storage
Random Access Memory
Read Only Memory
communications ports
Kiosks
(for creating and/or selling audio-visual book CDs)
--computer (e.g.,CPU, RAM, ROM, digital data storage, communications ports, etc.)
-computer display
-keyboard
-user seat or chair
Internet (Network)
Personal Computer(s)
30
display
CPU, ROM, RAM, CD-ROM, Comm. Ports, etc.
keyboard
70
Business Locations
System B

FIG. 1C


AGENT ORANGE
GEORGE HAY
READ BY THE AUTHOR
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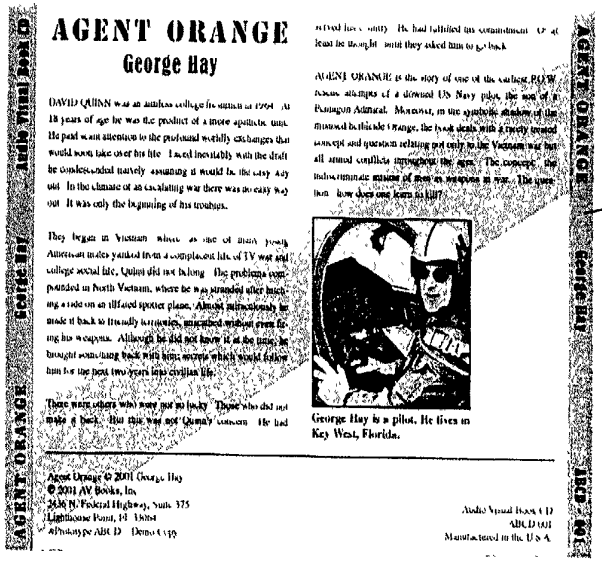
AGENT ORANGE
George Hay
DAVID QUINN was an ambitious college freshman in 1964. At 18 years of age he was the product of a more apathetic time. He paid scant attention to the profound worldly exchanges that would soon take over his life. Faced inevitably with the draft he condescended naively assuming it would be the easy way out. In the climate of an escalating war there was no easy way out. It was only the beginning of his troubles.
They began in Vietnam where, as one of many young American males yanked from a complacent life of TV westerns and college social life, Quinn did not belong. The problems compounded in North Vietnam, where he was stranded after hitching a ride on an ill-fated spotter plane. Almost miraculously he made it back to friendly territories, stumbled without even firing his weapons. Although he did not know it at the time, he brought something back with him, wounds which would follow him for the next two years into civilian life.
There were others who were not so lucky. Those who did not make it back. But this was not Quinn's concern. He had
AGENT ORANGE is the story of one of the earliest POW/MIA attempts of a downed US Navy pilot, the son of a Pentagon Admiral. Moreover, in the symbolic shadow of the misused herbicide Orange, the book deals with a rarely treated concept and question relating not only to the Vietnam war but all armed conflicts throughout the ages. The concept: the indoctrinatable nature of man as weapon in war. The question: how does one learn to kill?
George Hay is a pilot. He lives in Key West, Florida.
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3638 N. Federal Highway, Suite 375
Lighthouse Point, FL 33064
Audio Visual Books CD
ABCD 001
Manufactured in the U.S.A.
AGENT ORANGE George Hay Audio Visual Books CD ABCD 001

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20T120 9267900T

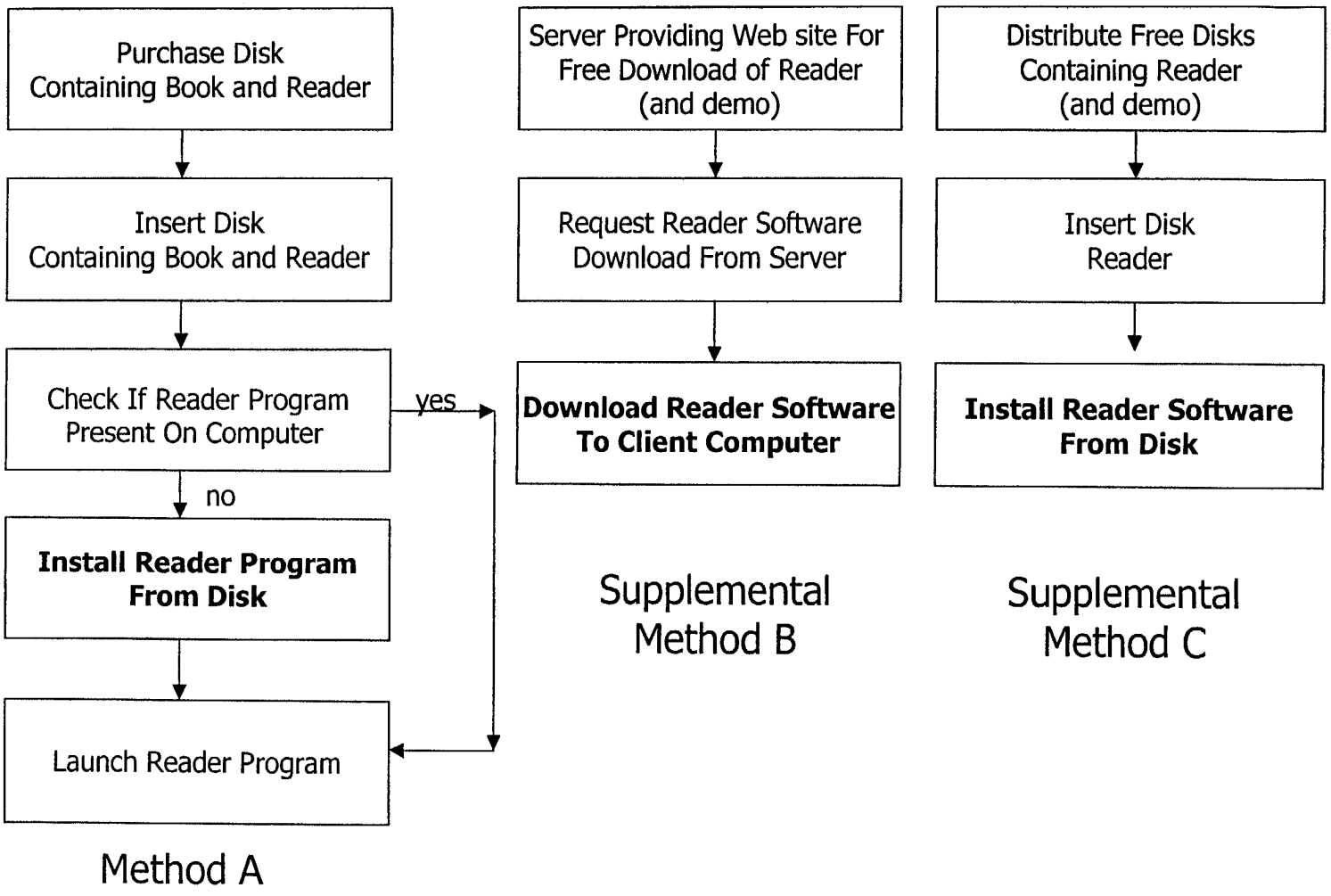

FIG. 2

Reader

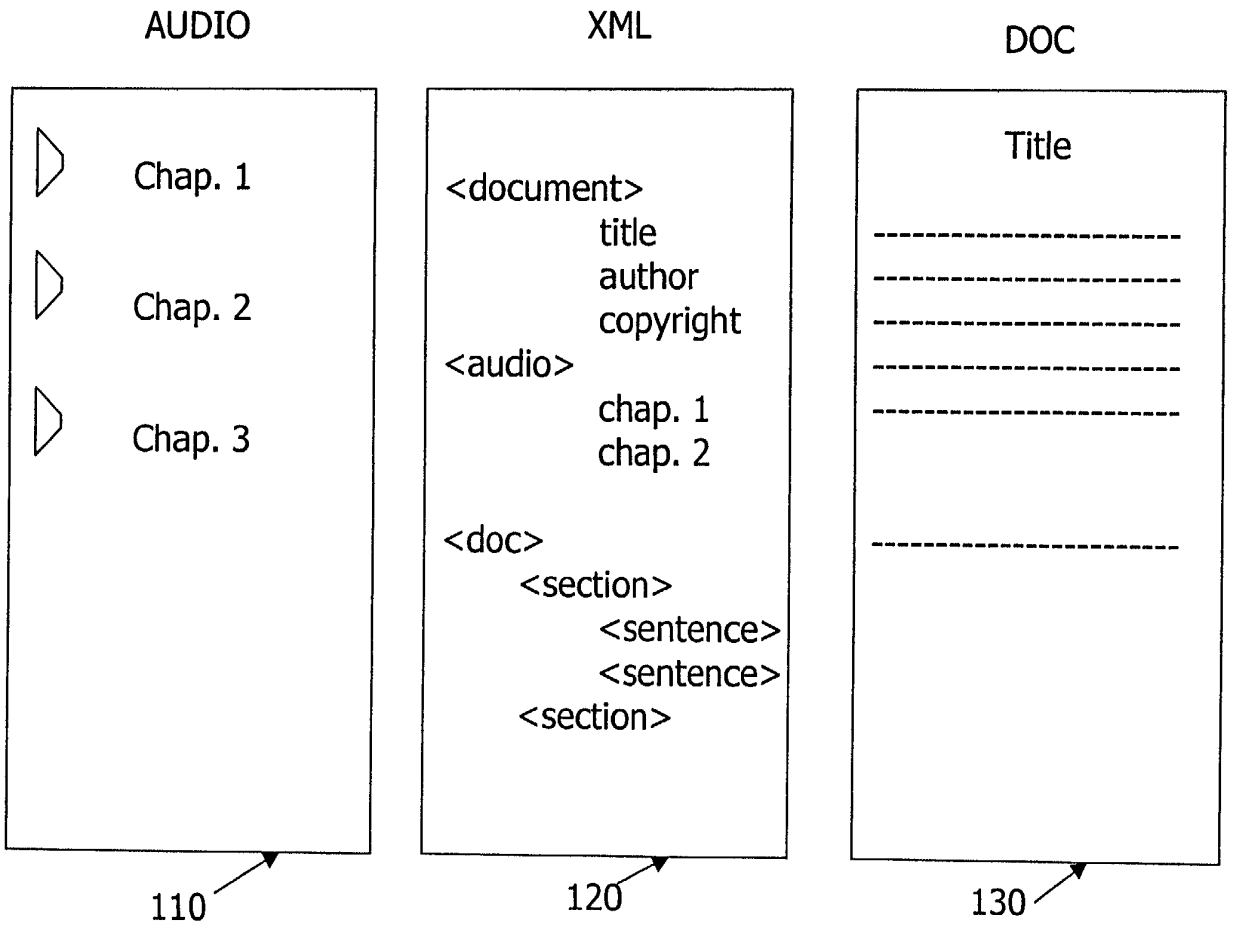

FIG. 3A

Natural Voice
To Text Link

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Book XML File

FIG. 3B

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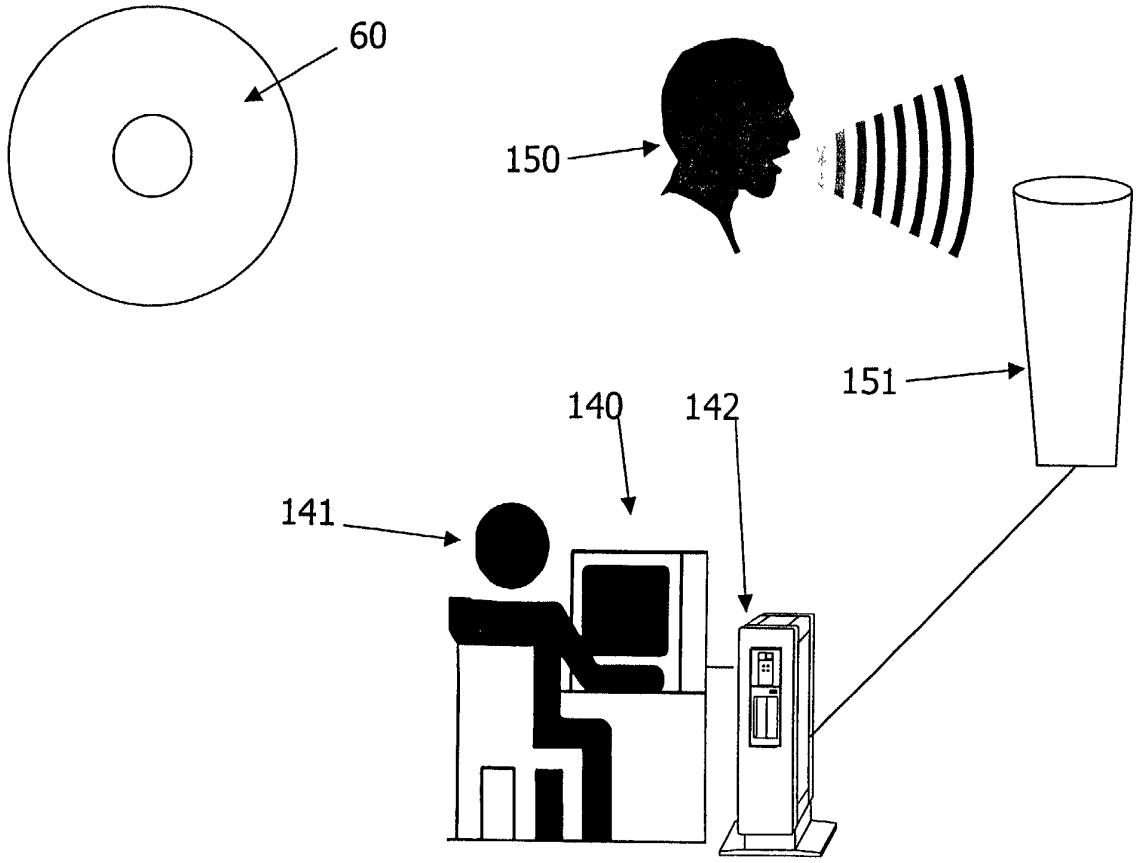
FIG. 3C

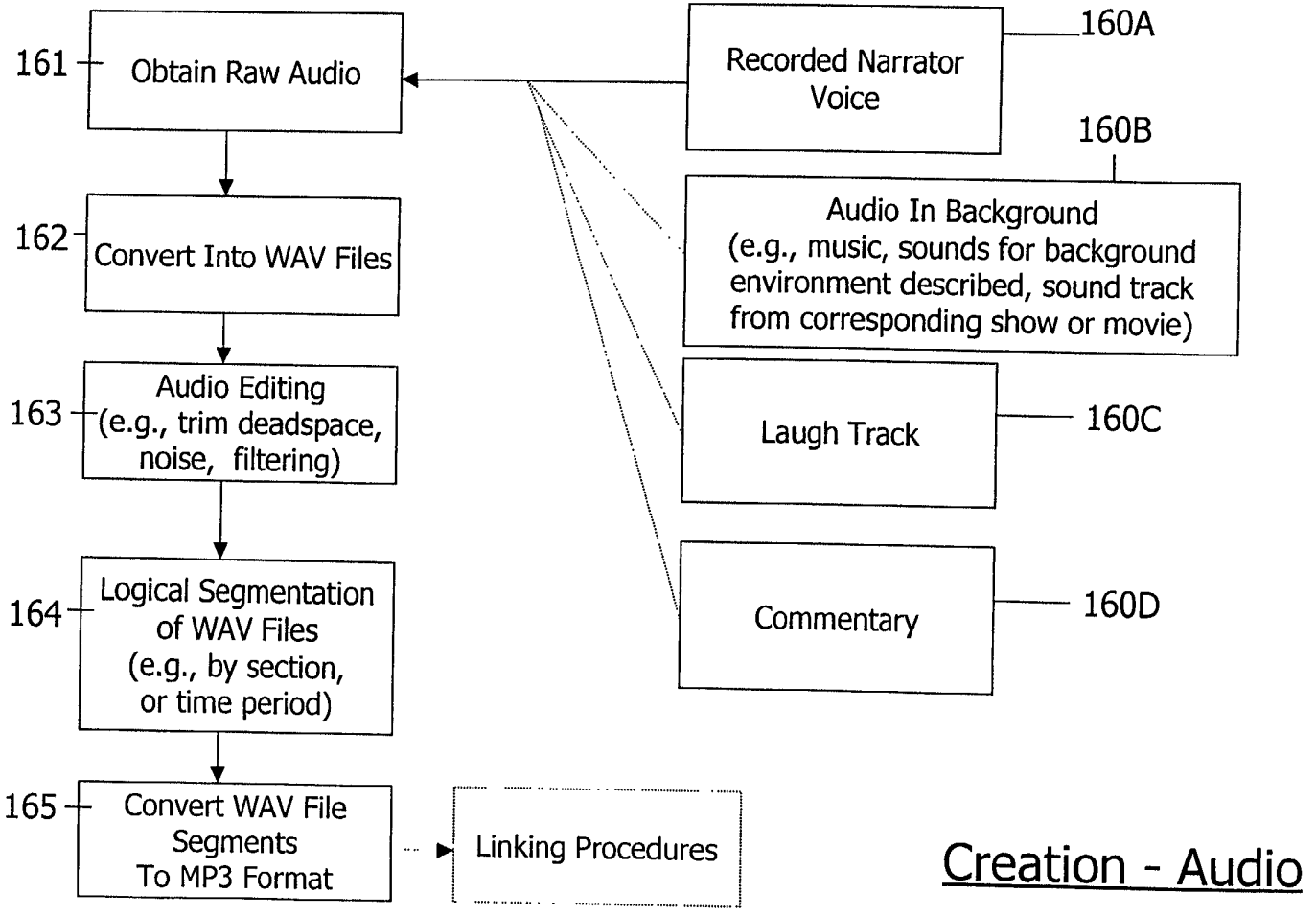
Personal XML File

FIG. 4



Creation

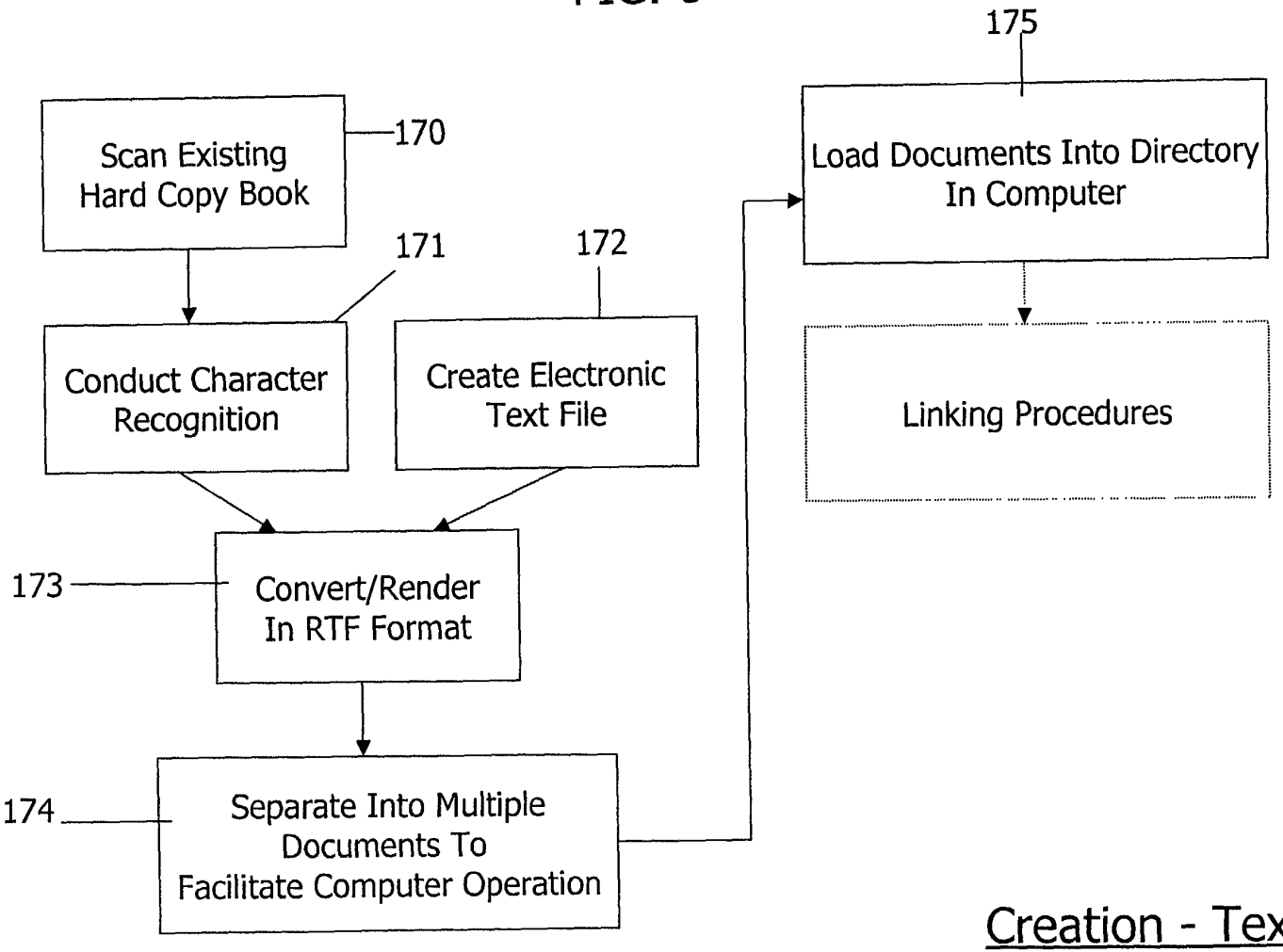
FIG. 5



Creation - Audio

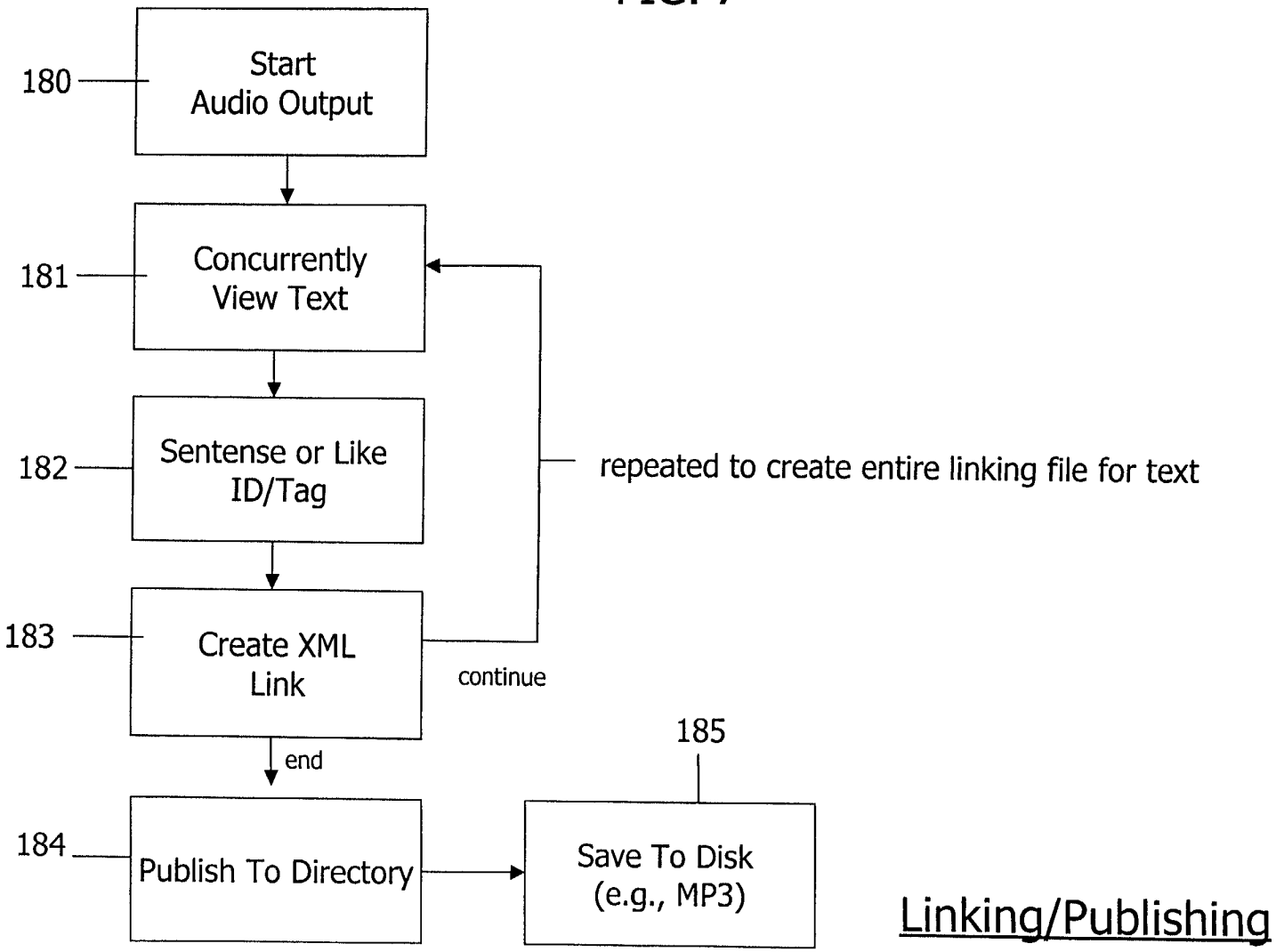
20FT20 9264900T

FIG. 6



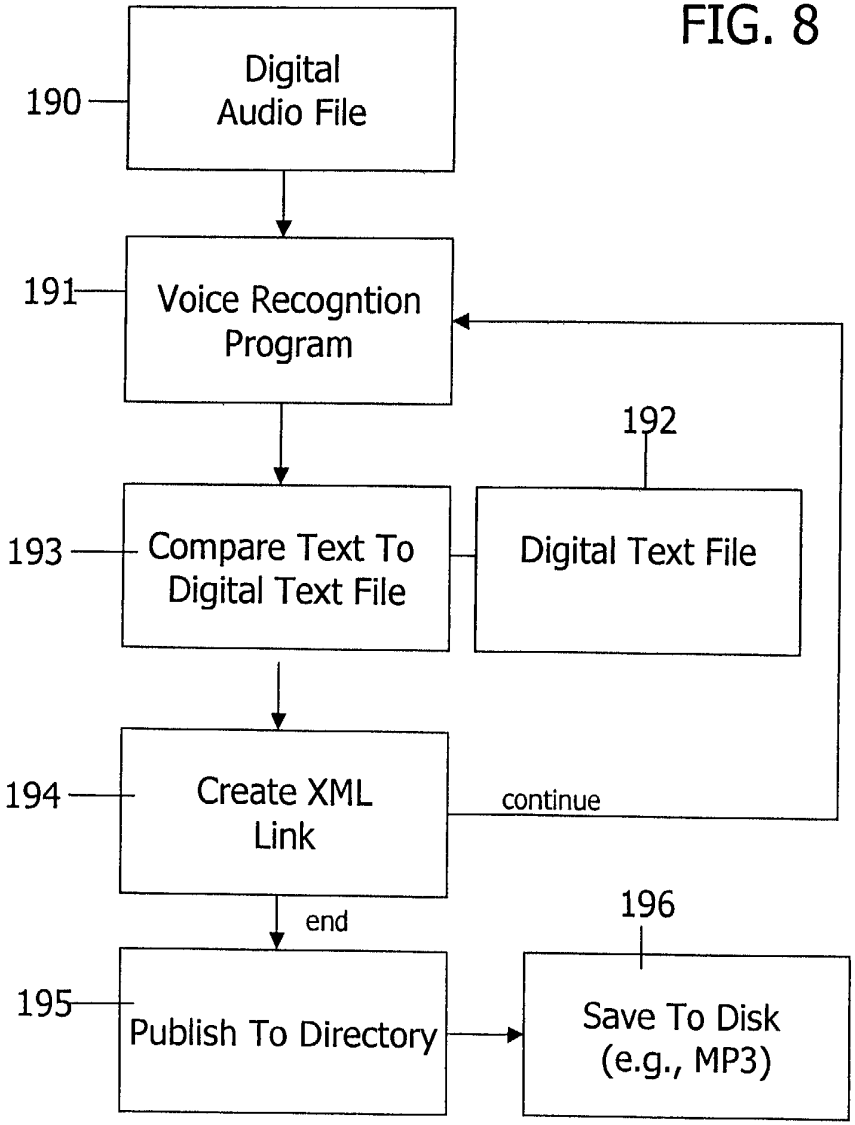
Creation - Text

FIG. 7



Linking/Publishing

FIG. 8



Linking/Publishing

20F403 "9/25/2007

FIG. 9B

FIG. 9C

FIG. 9A

FIG. 10

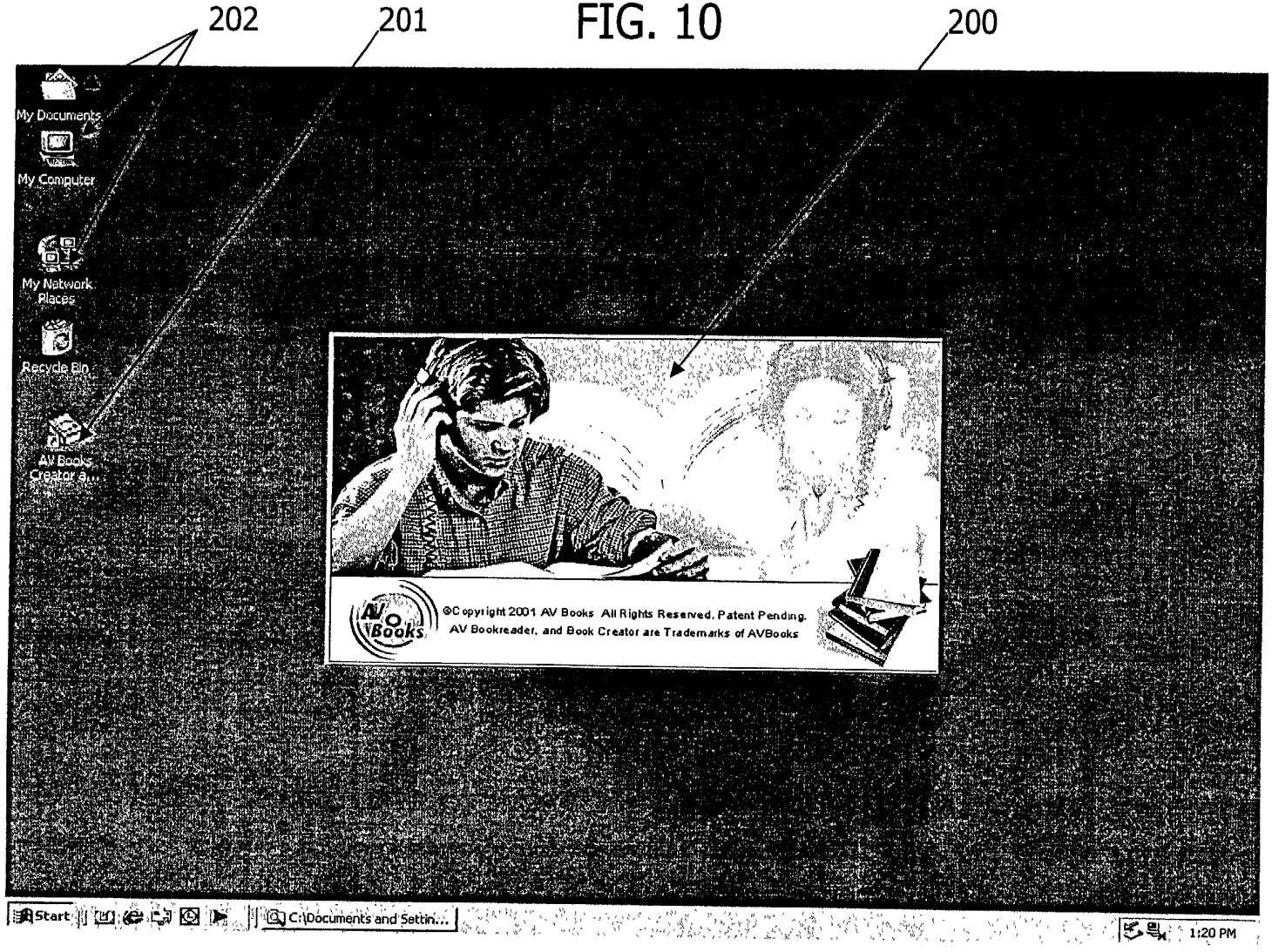
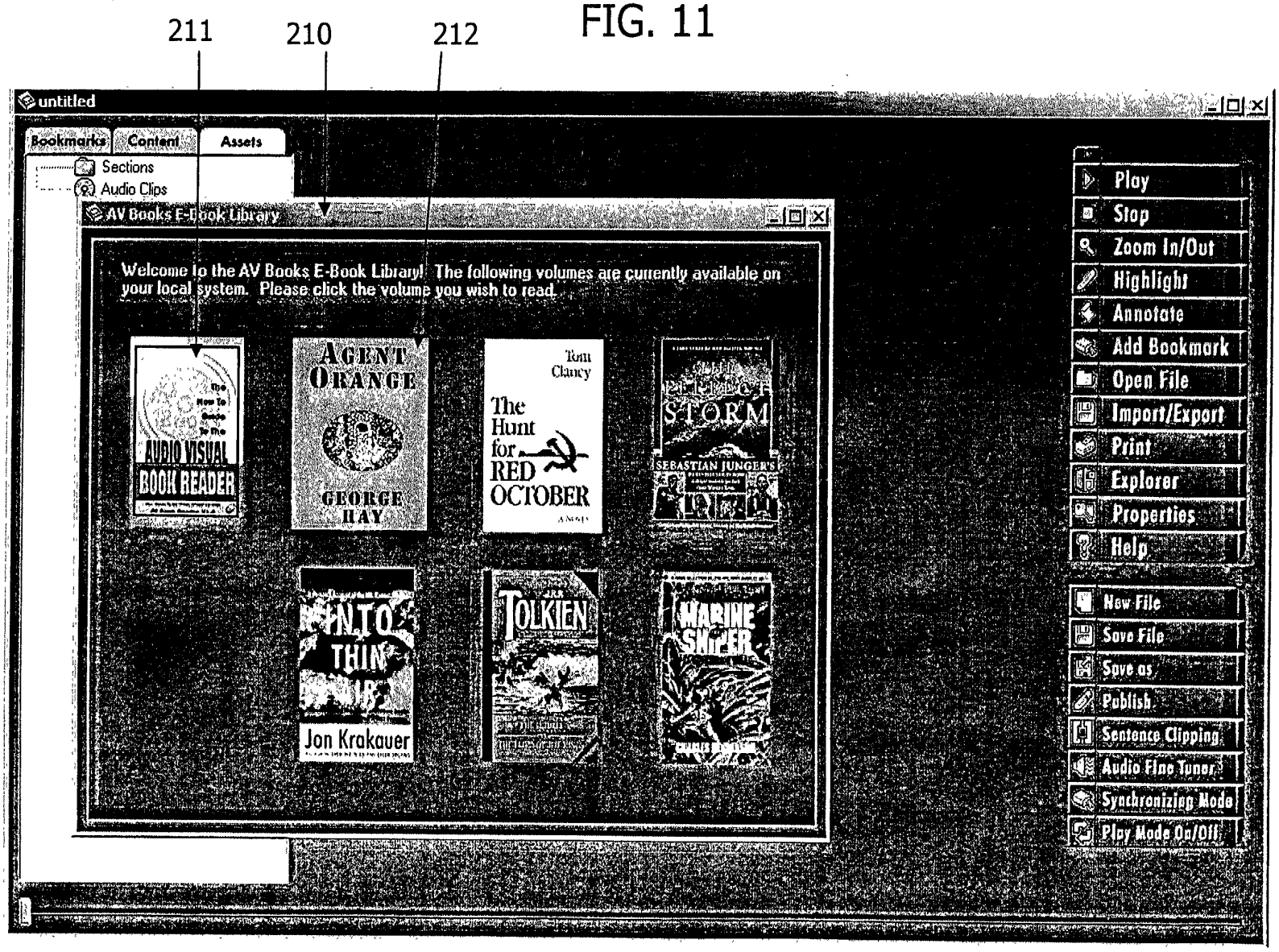

202
201
200
My Documents
My Computer
My Network Places
Recycle Bin
AV Books Creator a...
©Copyright 2001 AV Books All Rights Reserved. Patent Pending.
AV Bookreader, and Book Creator are Trademarks of AVBooks
Start
C:\Documents and Settin...
1:20 PM

FIG. 11


211
210
212
untitled
Bookmarks
Content
Assets
Sections
Audio Clips
AV Books E-Book Library
Welcome to the AV Books E-Book Library! The following volumes are currently available on your local system. Please click the volume you wish to read.
AUDIO VISUAL BOOK READER
AGENT ORANGE
GEORGE RAY
Tom Clancy
The Hunt for RED OCTOBER
STORM
SEBASTIAN JUNGER'S
INTO THIN AIR
Jon Krakauer
TOLKIEN
MARINE SNIPER
Play
Stop
Zoom In/Out
Highlight
Annotate
Add Bookmark
Open File
Import/Export
Print
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Play Mode On/Off

20TT20' 9262900T

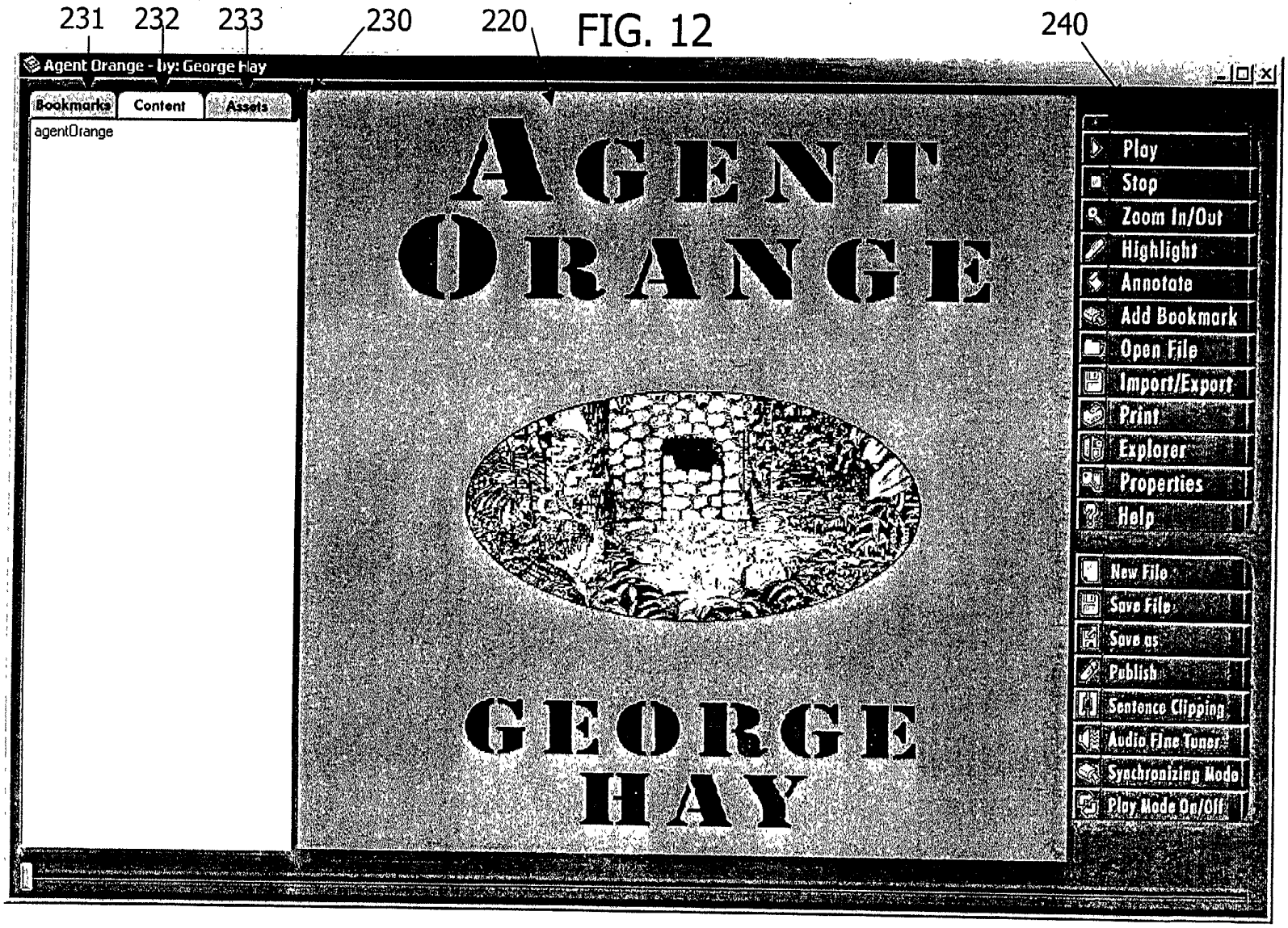
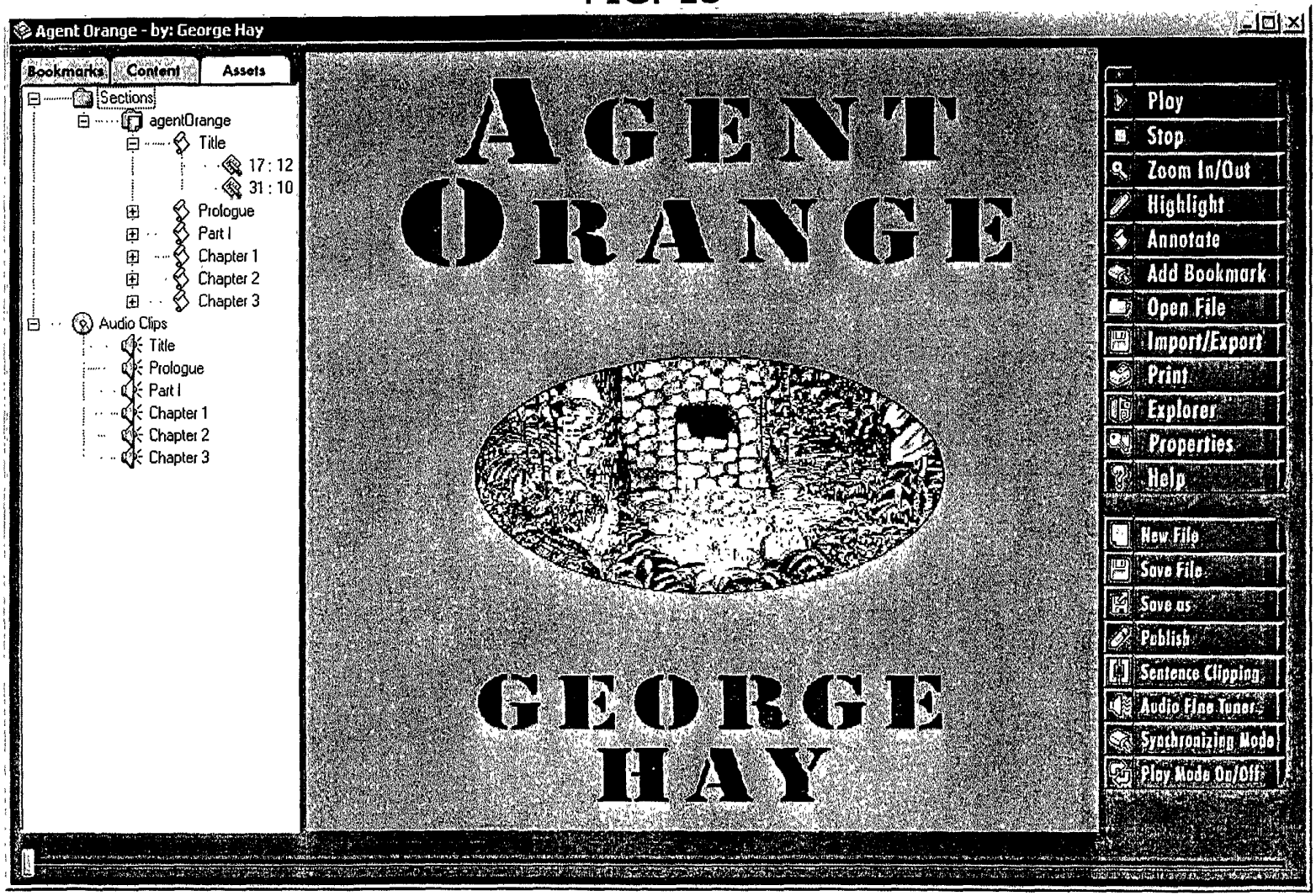


FIG. 12

FIG. 13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Prologue
Part I
Chapter 1
Chapter 2
Chapter 3
Audio Clips
Title
Prologue
Part I
Chapter 1
Chapter 2
Chapter 3
AGENT ORANGE
GEORGE HAY
Play
Stop
Zoom In/Out
Highlight
Annotate
Add Bookmark
Open File
Import/Export
Print
Explorer
Properties
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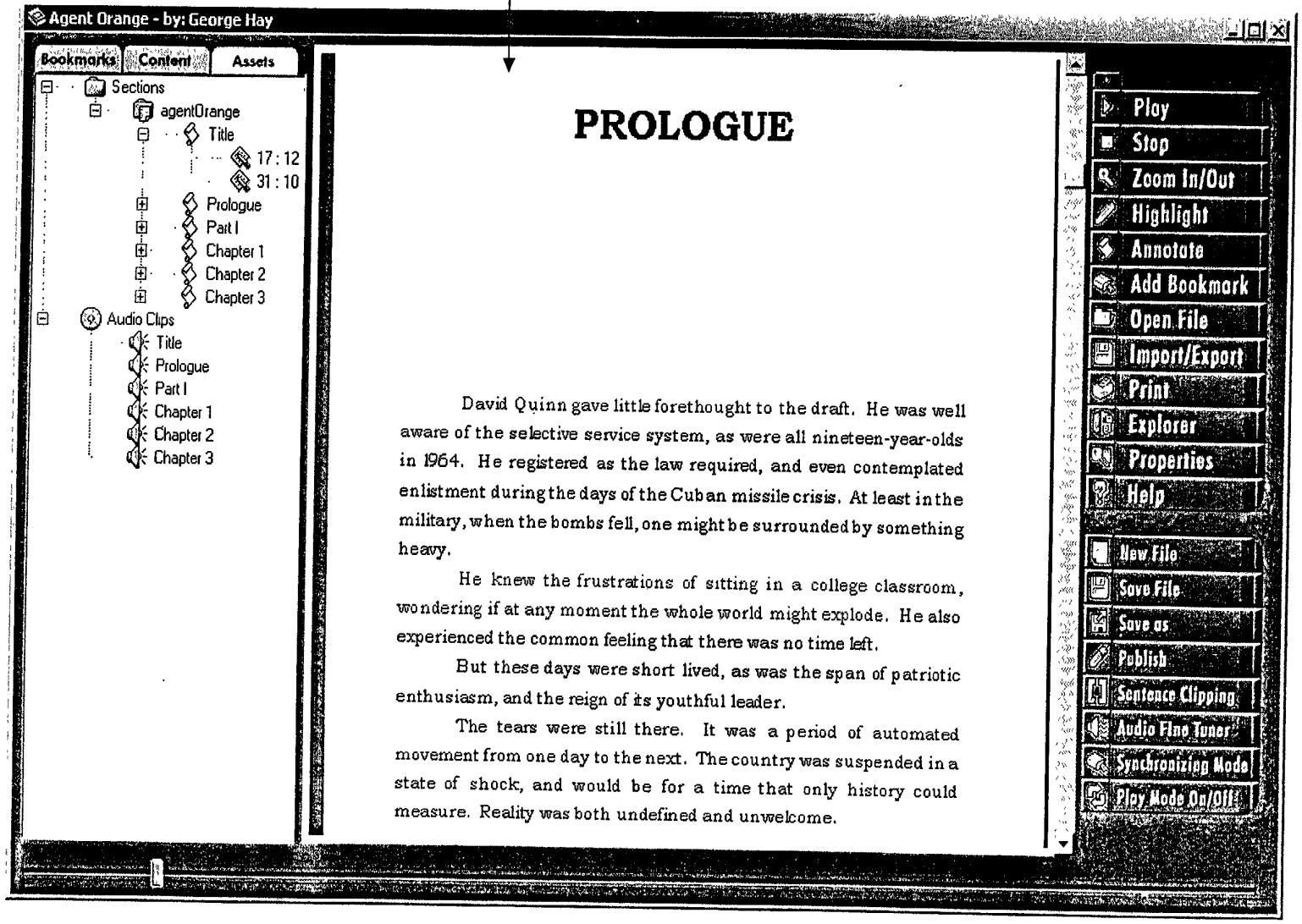
New File
Save File
Save as
Publish
Sentence Clipping
Audio Fine Tuner
Synchronizing Mode
Play Mode On/Off

250

FIG. 14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31 : 10
Prologue
Part I
Chapter 1
Chapter 2
Chapter 3
Audio Clips
Title
Prologue
Part I
Chapter 1
Chapter 2
Chapter 3
PROLOGUE
David Quinn gave little forethought to the draft. He was well aware of the selective service system, as were all nineteen-year-olds in 1964. He registered as the law required, and even contemplated enlistment during the days of the Cuban missile crisis. At least in the military, when the bombs fell, one might be surrounded by something heavy.
He knew the frustrations of sitting in a college classroom, wondering if at any moment the whole world might explode. He also experienced the common feeling that there was no time left.
But these days were short lived, as was the span of patriotic enthusiasm, and the reign of its youthful leader.
The tears were still there. It was a period of automated movement from one day to the next. The country was suspended in a state of shock, and would be for a time that only history could measure. Reality was both undefined and unwelcome.
Play
Stop
Zoom In/Out
Highlight
Annotate
Add Bookmark
Open File
Import/Export
Print
Explorer
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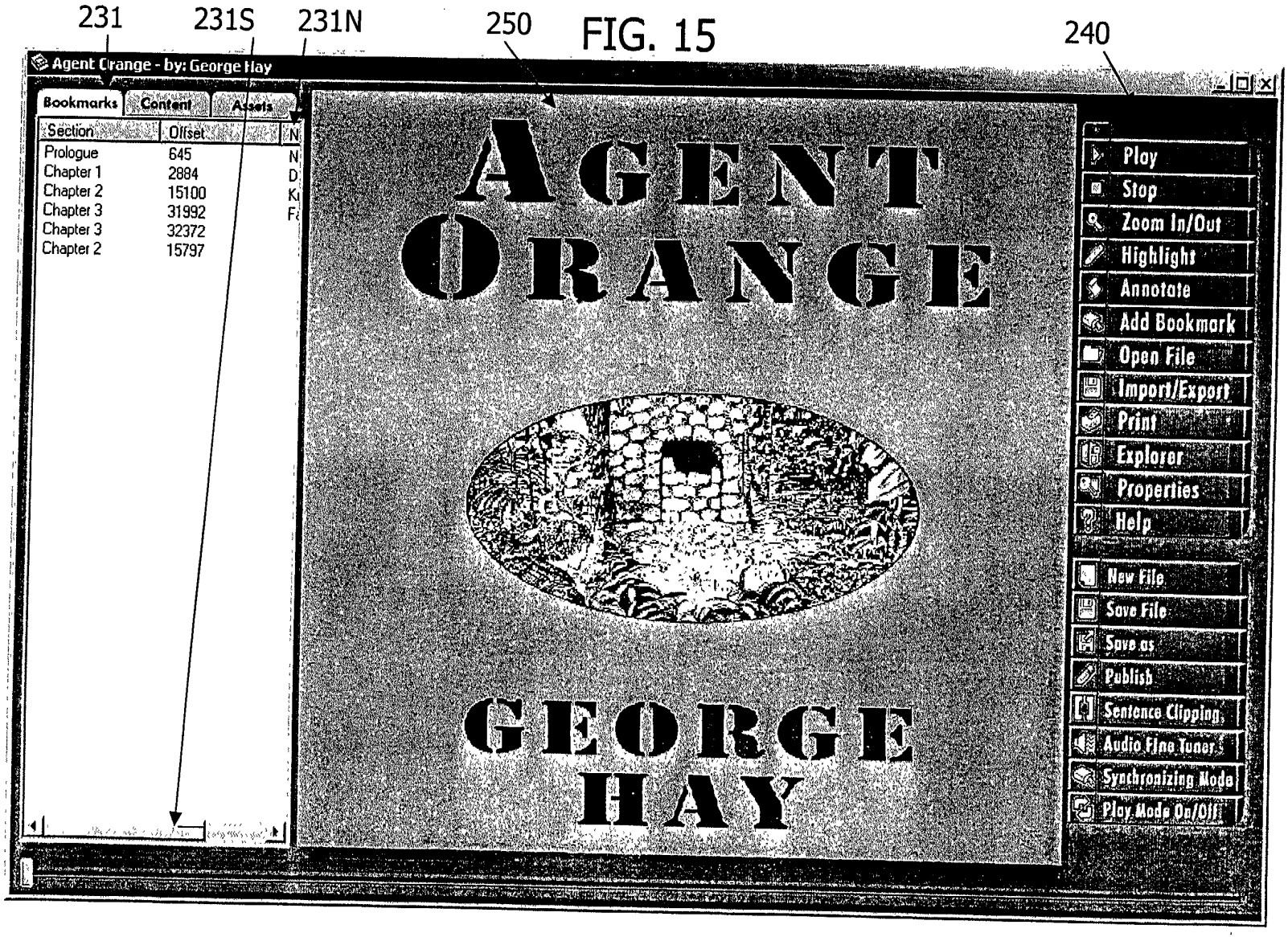
Help
New File
Save File
Save as
Publish
Sentence Clipping
Audio Fine Tuner
Synchronizing Mode
Play Mode On/Off

FIG. 15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Agent Orange - by: George Hay
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Chapter 3 31992
Chapter 3 32372
Chapter 2 15797
AGENT ORANGE
GEORGE HAY
Play
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Zoom In/Out
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Add Bookmark
Open File
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Save as
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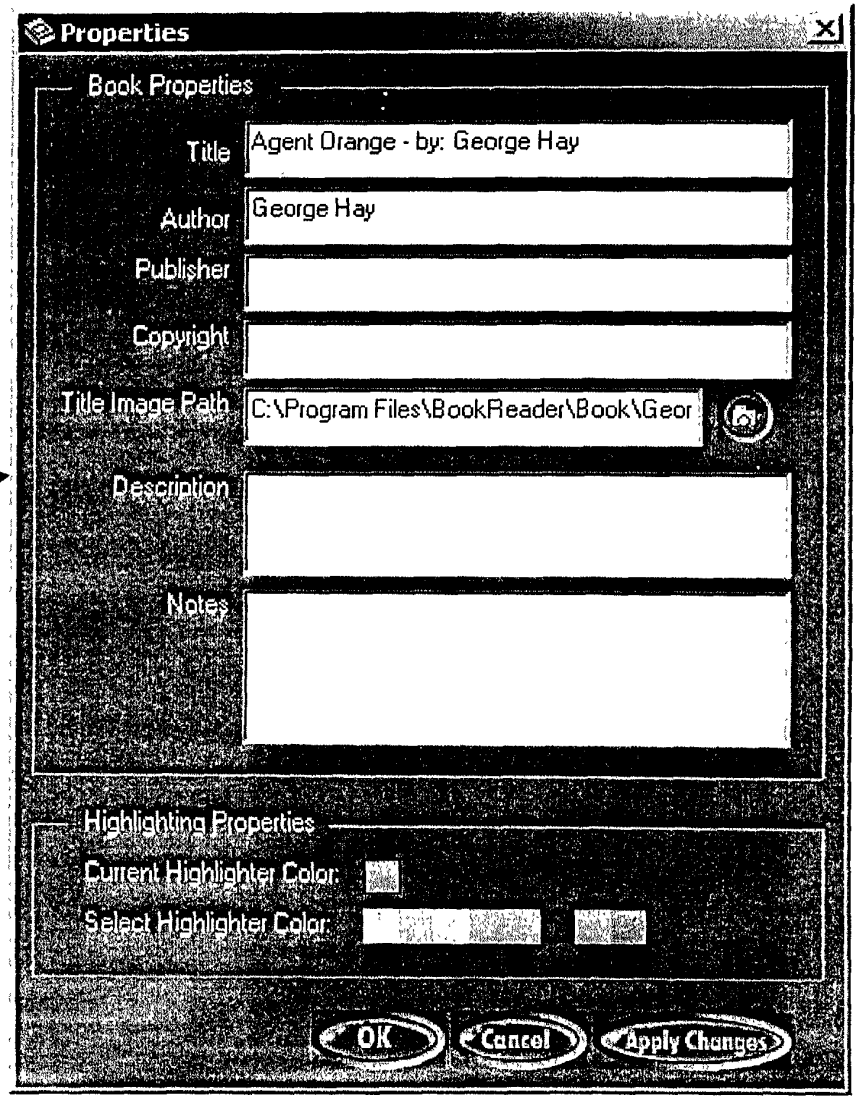
Audio Fine Tuner
Synchronizing Mode
Play Mode On/Off

FIG. 16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George Hay
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Select Highlighter Color:
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Cancel
Apply Changes

260

20TT20"9262900T

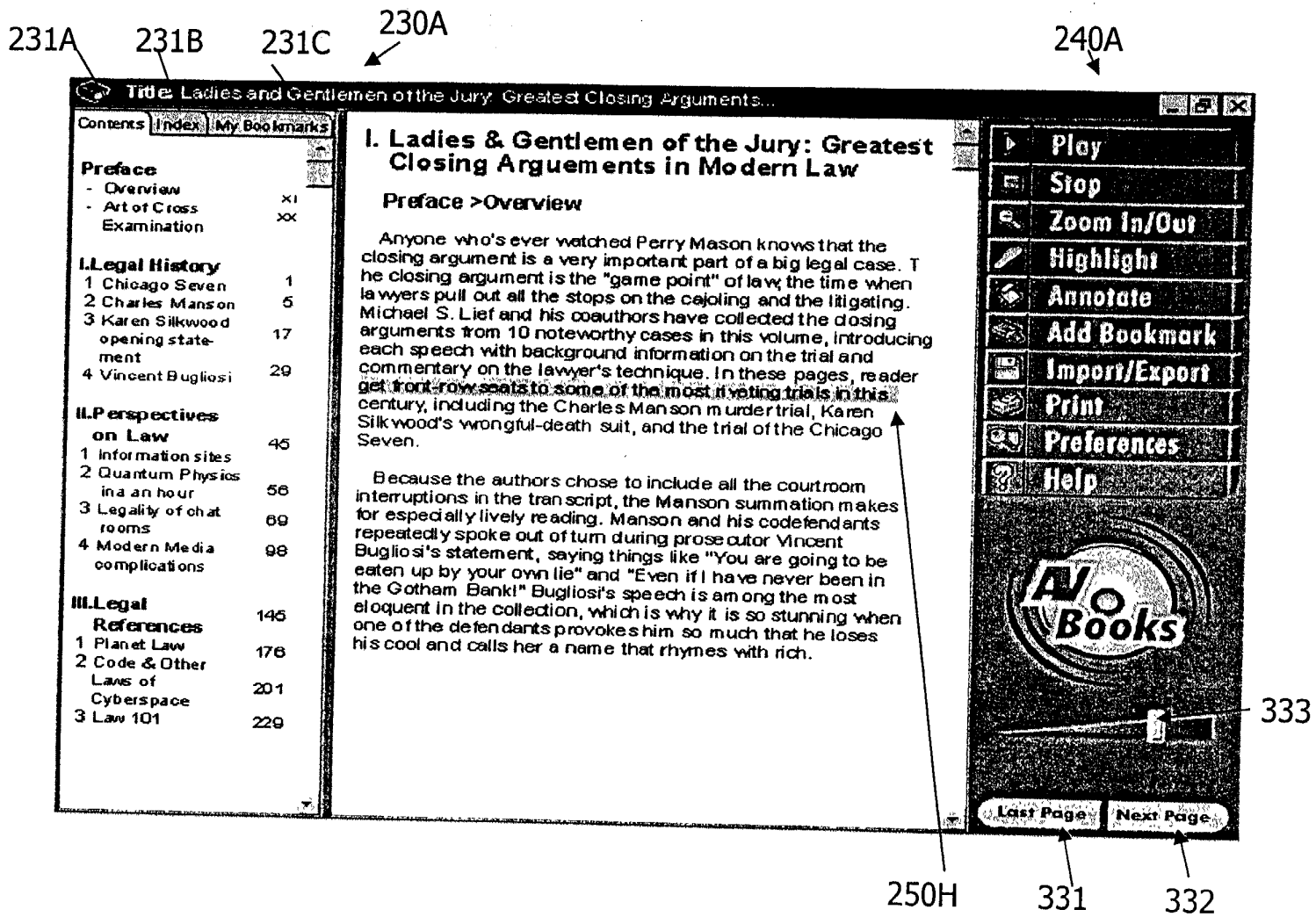


FIG. 17

20TT20" 9268908T

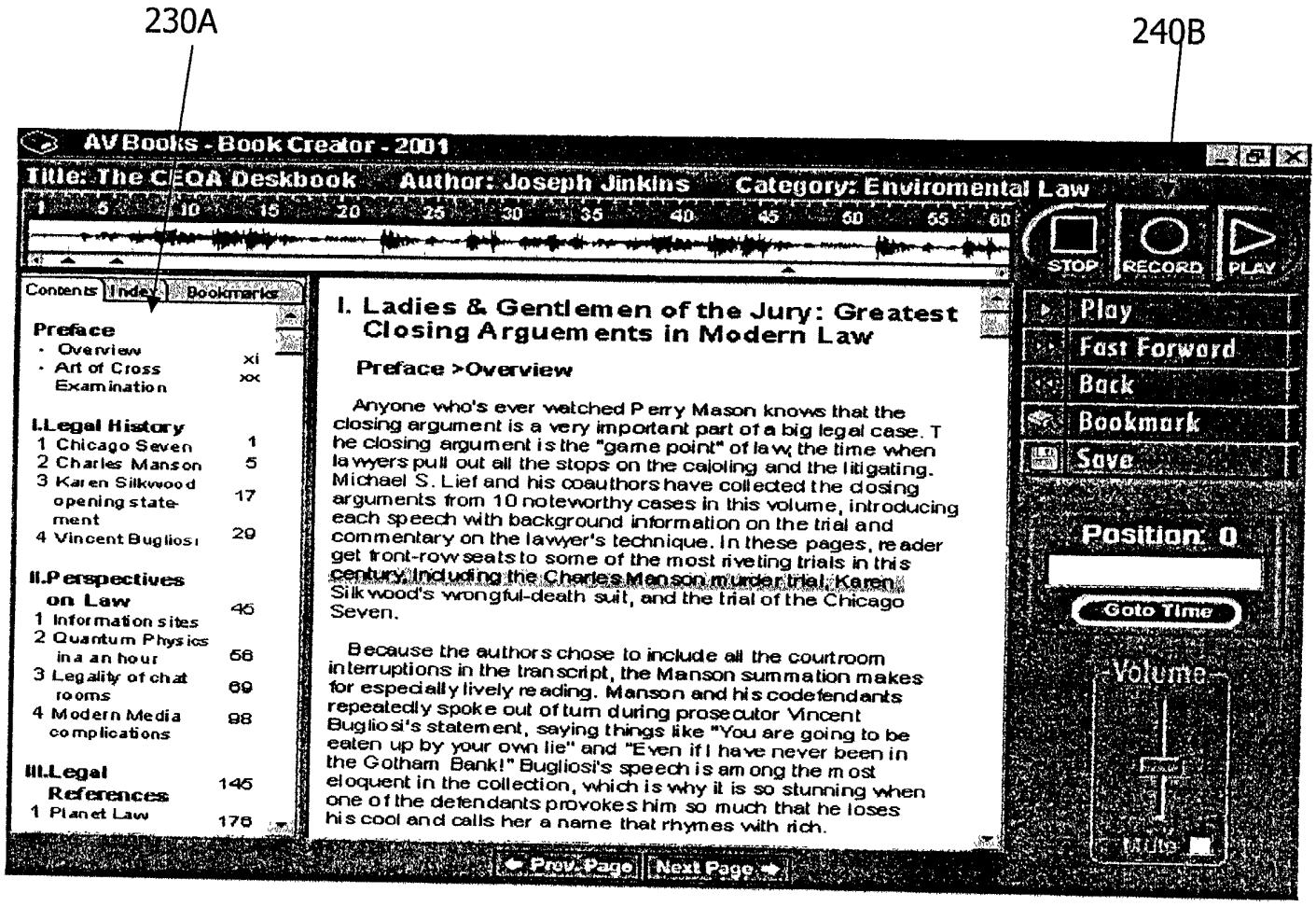
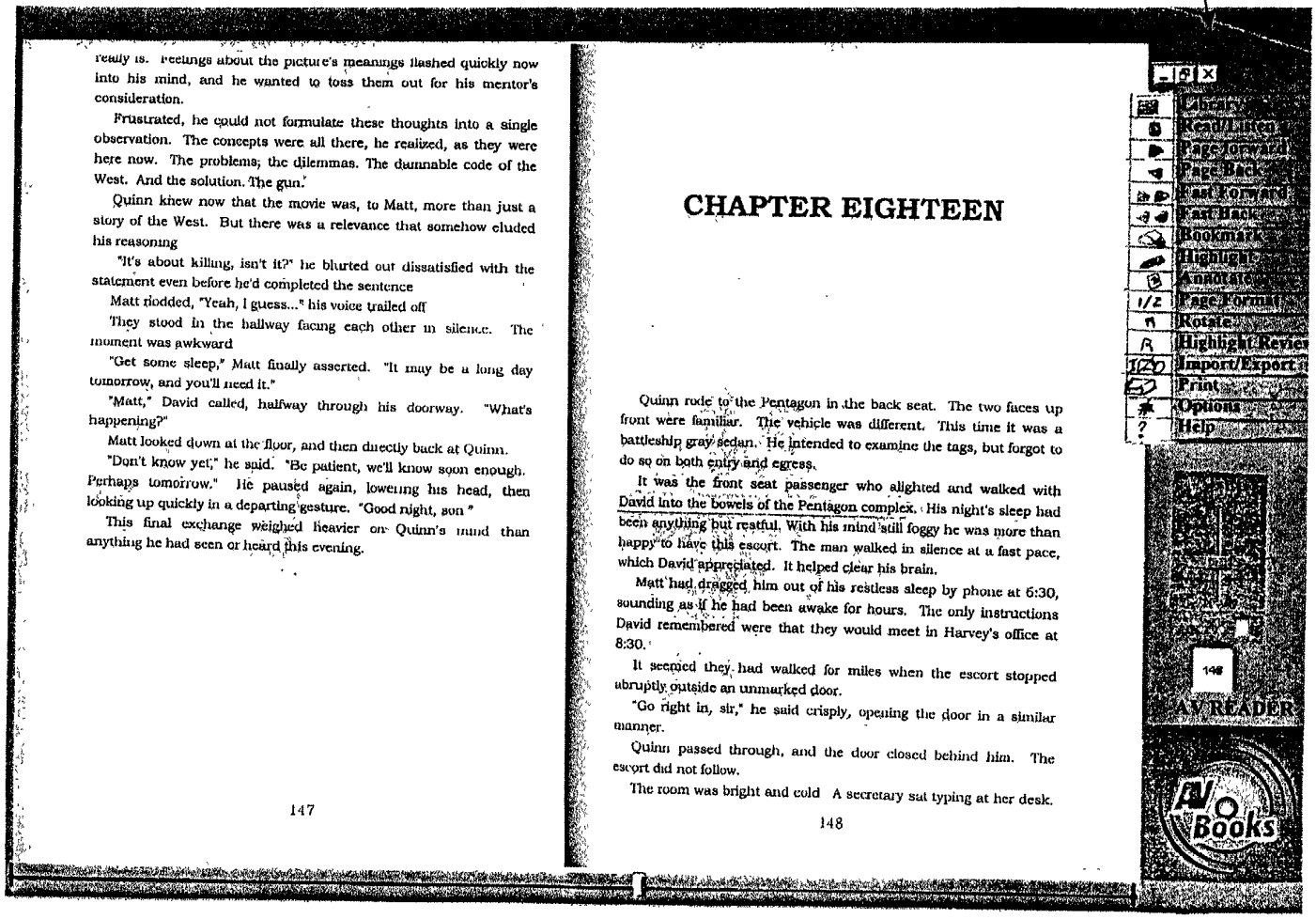


FIG. 18

20TT20" 9262907

240C



really is. Feelings about the picture's meanings flashed quickly now into his mind, and he wanted to toss them out for his mentor's consideration.

Frustrated, he could not formulate these thoughts into a single observation. The concepts were all there, he realized, as they were here now. The problems; the dilemmas. The damnable code of the West. And the solution. The gun.

Quinn knew now that the movie was, to Matt, more than just a story of the West. But there was a relevance that somehow eluded his reasoning

"It's about killing, isn't it?" he blurted out dissatisfied with the statement even before he'd completed the sentence

Matt nodded, "Yeah, I guess..." his voice trailed off

They stood in the hallway facing each other in silence. The moment was awkward

"Get some sleep," Matt finally asserted. "It may be a long day tomorrow, and you'll need it."

"Matt," David called, halfway through his doorway. "What's happening?"

Matt looked down at the floor, and then directly back at Quinn.

"Don't know yet," he said. "Be patient, we'll know soon enough. Perhaps tomorrow." He paused again, lowering his head, then looking up quickly in a departing gesture. "Good night, son."

This final exchange weighed heavier on Quinn's mind than anything he had seen or heard this evening.

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CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Quinn rode to the Pentagon in the back seat. The two faces up front were familiar. The vehicle was different. This time it was a battleship gray sedan. He intended to examine the tags, but forgot to do so on both entry and egress.

It was the front seat passenger who alighted and walked with David into the bowels of the Pentagon complex. His night's sleep had been anything but restful. With his mind still foggy he was more than happy to have this escort. The man walked in silence at a fast pace, which David appreciated. It helped clear his brain.

Matt had dragged him out of his restless sleep by phone at 6:30, sounding as if he had been awake for hours. The only instructions David remembered were that they would meet in Harvey's office at 8:30.

It seemed they had walked for miles when the escort stopped abruptly outside an unmarked door.

"Go right in, sir," he said crisply, opening the door in a similar manner.

Quinn passed through, and the door closed behind him. The escort did not follow.

The room was bright and cold A secretary sat typing at her desk.

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FIG. 19